

THE
M U S E
AN
A D V O C A T E
FOR
INJUR'D MERIT.
IN AN
E P I S T L E

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir Robert Walpole.

*Urit enim Fulgore suo, qui prægravat Artes
Infra se positas. Extinctus amabitur idem.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, at the *Oxford-Arms*, in *Warwick-Lane*.

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ADVOCATE
FOR
FREDERICK M. LITTLE
IN AN
EPISTLE

Sir Robert W. Phillips.

Let me say to you for my personal share
that I feel a kinship with you.



LONDON:
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1877.



To the Right Honourable

Sir *Robert Walpole*.



HENCE comes it, *Walpole*, that a Soul, like
 Where deepest Arts with native Candour join,
 Whose Praise, long echo'd thro' the *British*
 Struck Envy dumb, in two successive Reigns,
 Should feel so rude a Shock, tho' still the
 That they, who once extoll'd, now wrong thy Fame?
 If thou hast well discharg'd the Statesman's Trust,
 Whence springs such Rancour, when Applause is Just?

Proceeds it hence, that by thy watchful Care
 Our happy Isle is undisturb'd by War?

That

That Second GEORGE, for *Britain's* Welfare nurst,
Pursues the wholesome Maxims of the First?

That by his Pattern led, He still maintains
The same firm Course, and bids thee hold the Reins?

That matchless CAROLINE, whom Nations bless,
And all the Royal Race, thy Worth confess?

That all thy Toils tend only to sustain
Thy Country's Freedom, and thy Master's Reign,
Th' Establish'd, Wise Succession to defend,
On which alone our Laws and Lives depend?

That *Fleury's* Pupil, tho' of *Bourbon* Race,
Felt no Ambition but the Stag to chase,

Till prompted by a sudden Thirst of Fame,
He chang'd Saint *Hubert's* for a Martial Flame?

That *Philip's* Queen, inflexible ere while,
Her *Carlos* settled, now befriends our Isle?

That *Charles* avows again the Debt he owes,
And courts the Nation, whence his Safety rose?

That *Belgia's* sevenfold State on ours relies,
While each, to other true, the World defies?

That young NASSAU, with Royal ANNA grac'd,
Helps to support the Fabrick WILLIAM rais'd?

That peaceful Schemes with *Dane* and *Swede* prevail,
Who hold with steady Hands the Northern Scale?

That

That *British* Trade in *Russian* Ports revives,
 And, far as spreads the lazy *Baltick*, thrives ?
 That *Poland*, firm to her Elective Laws,
 Tho' now divided, fights for Freedom's Cause ?
 Imports it ought to us, if in the Fray,
Lezinski or *Augustus* win the Day ?
 If War still ravage *Persia's* fruitful Plains,
 Or in the Wilds of scorching *Africk* reigns ?
 Concerns it *Christian* States, if by the Sword
 Or *Mahomet*, or *Hali* be ador'd ?
 If faithless *Turks*, as faithless Foes o'erthrow,
 Or *Kouli* rally to revenge the Blow ?
 What boots it us, so *Britain's* Peace remain,
 Who Rules at *Stamboul*, or at *Ispahan* ?

But since fell War, by strong Conventions ty'd,
 Breaks off its Chains, on which Mankind rely'd,
 Increasing, like a Flood, its boundless Sway,
 While no Impediments obstruct its Way :
 Tho' Discord's Rage thy gentle Soul alarms,
 Methinks I hear thee call our Youth to Arms ;
 Excite them to assert their wonted Flame,
 The common Safety, and the *British* Name.

Thus fir'd, methinks I see them soon repair
 Th' Inglorious Breaches of the former War;
 Efface their Injur'd Isle's lamented Stains,
 And emulate Great *Marlborough's* Ten Campaigns;
 Till a safe Peace, implor'd, not forc'd, ensue,
 To *British* Valour, and thy Counsels due:
 A Peace not patch'd, or by Collusion made,
 Like *Utrecht's*, on a sandy Bottom laid;
 Not weakly fashion'd, as before, in haste,
 But founded on a Rock, and sure to last.
 Say, Statesman, would not this compleat thy Fame,
 And make succeeding Ages bless thy Name?

Dipt in the Stream of such a wholesome Spring,
 What Poisons could the Shafts of Malice bring?
 Would settled Peace, whence all our Blessings flow,
 Would Plenty's Copious Horn denounce our Woe?
 If these are Ills, not groundless is the Blame
 With which thy Rivals strive to load thy Name.
 But if true Benefits, what just Renown
 For the World's Welfare would thy Labours crown?
 Not inauspicious may this Omen prove
 To reconcile to thee the Publick Love!

But
 3

But here *Apollo* pulls the Muse's Ear,
 And wisely checks her in her full Career.
 If Peace or War shall prove the Nation's Fate,
 He cries, Sagacious Councils shall debate.
 To Kings and Senates State-Affairs belong;
 Thus warn'd, the pliant Dame pursues her Song.
 Oh! could Ambition stop, or Envy sleep,
 What Crops might *Britain* from thy Labours reap?
 Tho' forty Winters charg'd, her fruitful Soil,
 Eas'd of its Load, would crown the Farmer's Toil.
 This was thy generous Plan, but why it fail'd
 Let Frenzy answer, which o'er Sense prevail'd.
 Not but the Thing was rightly understood,
 But Faction envied thee so great a Good.
 The Praise, resulting from the proud Design,
 Her jealous Sons foresaw would all be thine.
 Hence vile Insult, hence wicked Slander springs,
 Profane are mix'd with the most sacred Things,
 And Libels spare nor Ministers, nor Kings.
 Hence their Mock-burnings o'er the Nation spread,
 And what was meant for Sport, becomes our Dread.
 Tumult and Uproar for Rejoycing stand,
 And Party-Madness taints th' unguarded Land.

These are the Men, whose all-sufficient Pride,
 Like *Phaeton's*, fires the World they could not guide.
 With loosen'd Reins their headlong Course they steer,
 And to advance too slow, is all they fear,
 They drive impetuous thro' the Flames they raise,
 As whilom wont in *Anne's* declining Days,
 When rash, incautious Haste, without Disguise,
 Dissolv'd the Films that clos'd the Nation's Eyes.

So fares it with them now; restor'd to Sight,
 Their Bands revolt, and hail the new-born Light.
 Undaunted *Caleb* then, inflam'd with Ire,
 And arm'd with Vengeance, to his Train sets Fire.
Corruption, Parallels, and No Excise
 Go off like *Squibs*, and with a Bounce surprize.
 A *standing Army*, like a Larum-Bell,
 Rings in our Ears a never-ceasing Knell:
 Tho' insufficient to repel a Foe,
 Or what's still worse, Ourselves, bodes certain Woe.
 Designs unthought-of, *Place* and *Pension-Rolls*,
 In thundering Journals echo to the *Poles*.
 The rankest Falshoods are as Truths proclaim'd,
 And they, who merit most, the most are blam'd.

He feigns Mock-Dangers to alarm the State,
 While those he forges real ones create.
 Nor doubts he once, that, could his Arts defeat
 The Minister, himself would mount his Seat.
 Blind, not to see that he, of all Mankind,
 Who builds vain Schemes, would least Indulgence find,
 So *Korah* strove good *Moses* to disgrace
 With fond, presumptuous Hope to fill his Place,
 So crafty *Cromwel* did his Creatures fool,
 His Cry was Freedom, but his Drift was Rule.
 Thus *Catiline*, his Country to inflame,
 Gave out, he arm'd, its Liberties to save.
 But watchful *Tully* soon unmask'd his Aim,
 Our *British* *Tully*, thou hast done the same;
 In strains Divine, like his, strong, moving, clear,
 Unveil'd the double Face our Patriots wear.

Go on, nor dread what disappointed Rage
 Can act, the transient Scene of every Age.
 Fear not the False, th' Ungrateful, and the Vain,
 Whose Rule is to deceive in every Reign.
 Mislead they may the Weak, but sure they'll find
 Their Arts too gross for a discerning Mind.

Such are thy Foes, whose Aims so well we trace,
 Their very Opposition speaks thy Praise.
 Have they yet found, in all thy Course of Power,
 One Law infring'd in the least guarded Hour;
 One Shadow of a Crime, one Right oppress'd,
 Revenge, or Malice lurking in thy Breast?
 By Nature mild, obliging, frank, humane,
 Whose just Pretension hast thou heard in vain?
 To whom, amidst thy Cares, refus'd Access,
 Or when not aided Merit in Distress?
 Has not thy well-form'd Soul, to Honour true,
 Perform'd each Duty, which from Friendship grew?
 Oft rais'd the Grace beyond the Suitor's Thought,
 And done th' unhop'd-for Favour, ere 'twas sought?
 With thy old Friends thy well-earn'd Honours shar'd,
 And ev'n thy proud, ungrateful Rivals spar'd?
 Then whence these Broils, unjustify'd by Sense?
 Why rules Dissention, void of all Pretence?
 Are these, ye Patriots, your boasted Arts
 To raise our Passions, and engage our Hearts?
 Can wholesome Doctrines issue from a School,
 Where Zeal for Truth denotes a stupid Fool?
 Where Sense of Gratitude becomes a Jest,
 And Breach of Friendship is a Rule profess'd?

Where

Where no one Question rises in debate,
 But who shall govern, or embroil, the State?
 And where for private Aims the Vulgar Throng
 Must artfully be taught that Right is Wrong?
 O Proof undoubted of degenerate Days,
 When Truth shall meet Reproach, and Falshood Praise!
 Would Envy speak what she conceals in vain,
 She'd own, 'tis for his Worth she hates the Man.
 Rare Merit but provokes and sharpens Spite,
 Which snarls the more, the more its Object's Bright.
 Since then to blacken Worth is Envy's Boast,
 The most unstain'd are those she slanders most.

Then fear not thou, tho' Libels vent their Rage,
 And foul-mouth'd Clamour roar in every Page.
 Be it thy Task an equal Course to run,
 And end thy Labours as thou hast begun.
 Impartial Justice to thy best maintain,
 Nor let good Laws in Force subsist in vain.
 Reform th' unbounded Licence of the Times,
 Was Freedom meant to be a Cloak for Crimes?
 Shall bare-fac'd Riot o'er the Land increase,
 And factious Feuds expose the Publick Peace;

Aban-

Abandon'd Wretches on thy Person tread,
 And near the sacred Senate lift their Head?
 Could Insolence, if unsupported, go
 Lengths, that had almost plung'd the Realm in Woe?
 Say, State-Physician, has thy dext'rous Skill
 No *Nostrum* found for this enormous Ill,
 Which, as the Bark subdues a Fever's Force,
 May stop this dangerous Torrent's wilder Course?
 Would strict, coercive Rules be misapply'd,
 Where milder Methods have in vain been try'd?
 Thou know'st that *Neptune*, when the Storm increas'd,
 Shook but his Trident, and its Fury ceas'd.
 Seek and encourage Worth, tho' Numbers frown,
 Successful Merit best will speak thy own.
 But, above all, with double Warmth defend
 The zealous, fast, invariable Friend,
 Who, fix'd to Reason, whence his Conduct springs,
 Unites his Country's Interest with his King's:
 Unlike those *Sophists*, whose affected Wit
 Would, what is simple, into Sections split:
 Whose Wiles exhausted, by a last Effort
 Seek to disjoin the Country from the Court.
 Of Arts be still the Patron, nor refuse
 The genuine Labours of the Heaven-born Muse,

Who

Who spurning Earth's low Mansion, upwards springs,
 Tow'rs like the Lark, and as divinely sings.
 'Tis Hers alone Immortal Fame to give,
 And make Thee, *Walpole*, after Death to live.
 Let Science in each Branch thy Smiles obtain,
 'Twill profit and adorn our Monarch's Reign:
 To Thee too useful in the various Ways
 Which Nature treads, and Policy displays.
 Dead Scenes without it were the Courts of Kings,
 And crouded Levees flat, unmeaning Things.
 Disdain the venal, flight the wavering Mind,
 That varies, like the Fane, with every Wind.
 Check the too forward, rouse th' unactive Spleen;
 Both err, unconscious of the golden Mean.
 Who lags thro' Sloth, or who at random flies,
 Alike is distanc'd, and foregoes the Prize.
 Such only, who within the bounded Space,
 Know when to slacken, or to mend their Pace,
 Deserve to share the Honours of the Race.
 Who fail in these Pursuits, or who excel,
 Thou, the best Judge of Merit, best canst tell.

Thus fenc'd, what Force can shake thy rooted Power,
 Which, like the Palm, oppress'd but spreads the more?

Detraction, wearied out, shall drop her Sting,
 And soaring Faction flag th' expanded Wing.
 Wild Leagues, which but to name our Spirits chill,
 Shall burst, as Poisons mix'd each other kill.
 Or, should new Aids a while their Bands sustain,
 Wrap'd in thy Virtue, what can give Thee Pain?
 Unshaken Virtue, constant in her Course,
 Shall rise superior still to Fraud or Force.
 Like a tough Oak, deep-rooted in the Ground,
 She stands unmov'd, tho' Whirlwinds sweep around.
 Oft has th' unspotted Maid, 'tis true, complain'd
 Of gross Neglect, while Vice and Folly reign'd.
 Rome's Founder, *Bacchus*, and the *Twins* of old,
 Of whom such Wonders, while they liv'd, are told,
 Rough Men to polish who the Secret found,
 Taught them for Food to plant and till the Ground,
 Compos'd fierce Wars, Commercial Cities rais'd,
 And for a thousand useful Arts were prais'd:
 Did not these Gods, says *Horace*, once so fam'd.
 On Earth, lament their noblest Deeds were blam'd?
 How far'd it with *Alcmena's* Son by *Jove*,
 Who in the World's Defence with Monsters strove?
 Could he, whose Arm th' enormous *Hydra* slew,
 Th' invenom'd Rage of envious Tongues subdue?

But

3

But Time, an upright Judge, has done him Right,
 And plac'd his Actions in the fairest Light.
 Superior Merit, tho' by all avow'd,
 If once it thwart our Aims, is disallow'd.
 But when the Good we slighted, Fate withdraws,
 The vilest Slander turns to just Applause.
 So the bright Sun's full Splendor racks our Eyes,
 But when once set, his golden Beams we prize.
 Thus Fortitude's best Proof is to endure
 What Heroes suffer'd, and what Time shall cure.

If from the old to modern Times we come,
 What Climate is not restless Envy's Home?
 Where Discontent, from Disappointment bred,
 Resides, th' intriguing Hag still thrusts her Head;
 Fomenting Jars to disunite the Great,
 And plotting Schemes to clog the Wheels of State.
 But in *Britannia* 'tis the Harpy sheds
 Her vilest Filth, which like Infection spreads.
 Here wise *Godolphin* was attack'd, like Thee,
 Yet who ere grac'd his Station more than He?
 Not *Aristides*, tho' surnam'd the *Just*,
 Discharg'd with cleaner Hands his publick Trust.

And

And yet the *Briton*, like the *Greek*, became
 At last the Victim of his spotless Fame.
 Even *Marlborough's* self, the *Scipio* of his Age,
 Was seen to stand the Brunt of factious Rage.
 Like the brave *Roman's*, was our Hero's Lot,
 Whose envied Glory was his only Blot.
 With Men, like these, who grudges to be blam'd?
 'Tis Honour's Triumph to be so defam'd.
 Yet if a friendly With may close this Page,
 And to our Minds recal a wiser Age,
 Mayst Thou, still sitting at the Helm of State,
 Meet rather with a *Burleigh's* juster Fate,
 Who in his Course sometimes, like *Sol*, o'ercaft,
 Shot double Lustre, when the Clouds were past.
 May *GEORGE*, *Eliza* like, thy Foes disarm,
 And shield his faithful Minister from Harm,
 Whose sole Demerit from his Duty springs
 To serve with steady Zeal the Best of Kings.

F I N I S.